





# THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

learn that God's truth will ever triumph over the Devil's lie.

The invincible might of seeming weakness was never more displayed than in the life, progress, and victory of the anti-slavery cause. In its commencement, never was a cause more unpopular, more disdained, more maligned and opposed by all the great and influential organizations in the land. But, like Banquo's ghost, it would not down at their bidding. Twenty-five years of persistent toil, has shown to the world the influence of many of its free, and the retreating forces of those who still have a name to live. What- ever has opposed its onward course has been put to rout.

Let those who as if at the hour of Harper's Ferry, remember that John Brown is not a despised and belied to-day, as were the early advocates of abolition, twenty-five years ago. Coming again, will assign to him a high rank in the list of the world's heroes. Washington unhesitatingly his sword in defense of his country against her enemies. John Brown stood against his country in self, when it was in the wrong. The false and peridious maxim, "My country right or wrong," is discarded as coming from the butcher's pit, whether it will ere long return, dragging many a supporter in its trail.

When fanaticism and madness exist in standing firmly by the right, facing the organized forces of the world, and bearing a faithful testimony against oppression, injustice, inhumanity, and every wrong, then, and not till then will the champion in freedom's battles be obedient to the charge. But of one thing rest assured, so long as the throne of the Eternal rests upon the firm rock of immutable justice, so long as within the human breast there dwells a love of heroic, self-sacrificing virtue, so long will history's pen record, that John Brown's work was no failure. True, he sacrificed his life, but he showed to the world the inherent weakness of slavery, the cowardice of oppression, and the power and boldness of a hero guided in the path of truth. One such man shall chase a thousand tyrants, and two, put ten thousand to flight. With dastardly cowardice and characteristic meanness, they may slay his body; but his manly bearing before his foes will be glorious, and his death shall bring the Martyr's crown.

But, more than all, John Brown has taught us that it is more noble and heroic to die for a grand principle, than to live a mean, ignoble life, in constant violation of the plainest dictates of virtue and purity. The Jews could crucify their truest prophet, but the marble tomb of Joseph could not maintain his spirit. Virginia's Pilate may sign the death warrant of a Martyr saint, but his freed soul shall become a mistletoe spirit to all who hate oppression and wrong. Nor let southern tyrants dream that they have crushed the love of liberty from the free north. So sure as the blood of the Martyr is the seed of the church, so sure will another John Brown arise, who shall accomplish what has been so well begun; for as God liveth, iniquity shall not triumph forever. Compromise, and constitutions, laws of Congress and human institutions shall all pass away, but the law of the Eternal abideth forever. Such, to my apprehension is the lesson taught by the crowning act in the life of the Martyr hero and the pattern saint.

For the Bugle.  
NUMBER 3

Ma Jones: As promised in my preceding number, I will now endeavor to show, from the existence of unquestionable facts, that if the Federal Government is, in reality, a "National," or consolidated Government of "One Nation," State or People, it is the most unjust, unequal and ridiculously absurd system, ever devised by any intelligent Nation of free men as a representative government. An equal share of political power, according to numbers, is, in all governments claiming to be free, an admitted basis of representation. Can this be claimed for the government at Washington? Let facts answer. In the Legislative department of this government, Delaware, with a population of 93,592 inhabitants, has two votes in the Senate, while New York, with a population of 3,097,294 inhabitants, has but two votes in the Senate. Subtract the whole population of Delaware from that of New York, and it will be seen that in the U. S. Senate, there are no less than three millions, five hundred and eighty-two of her inhabitants, absolutely and to all intents and purposes, disfranchised, as compared with those of Delaware. These good people of New York, have no voice in the Senate, and never can have, without the consent of the sovereign State of Delaware. In the House of Representatives, it is true, that these "three millions" of New Yorkers are represented; but this representation, in fact, gives these disfranchised people no legislative power whatever, because the Senate has the unquestionable constitutional right and power, to defeat or pass any and every law or resolution, sent up by the House of Representatives. This is obvious from the fact, that a majority of each House separately, is necessary to enact any law, or to pass any resolution. Granting that the lower House plainly represents the people of each State, this fact does not make it "national" in its character or formation. On the other hand the States, justly jealous of their sovereignty, constitutionally preserved the Federal character of the House of Representatives, by limiting its members to one from each State, and not "one million" or "one hundred thousand" at the first enumeration, leaving the fractions in each State unrepresented. This fact alone proves that the lower House, as well as the Senate, is Federal, and not "National." In its character, for it is represented "one State," or State, instead of thirty-three Nations or States, there would be but one fraction left unrepresented instead of thirty-three fractions, which might very readily be so large, in each State, as to give, on the ratio of one member to every "ninety-three thousand" inhabitants, at least fifteen additional members to the House of Representatives. This is a very important question. Let me then extend this examination a little further, and see the results of this system of injustice and inequality. Taking the census of 1850, as the basis of Legislative power, it will be seen that seventeen of the then thirty-two States, with a population of but 5,447,001 inhabitants, have the constitutional right and power to defeat or to pass in the Senate, any law or resolution against the will of fifteen of the large States, with a population of 17,651,377 inhabitants. This inequality actually leaves, under existing laws, two hundred and four thousand, three hundred and seventy-five of the good people of these States and territories "National," absolutely disfranchised. Good, easy and uncontented people to call that a "glorious Constitution" which "guarantees without representation" more than one half of the inhabitants of what they are pleased to call the "Nation."

Let us next examine the Executive department of this government, and see if it is any more "national," just or equitable in its organization than the Legislative department.

Delaware with ninety-three thousand, five hundred and ninety-two inhabitants, has three votes for President and Vice President, while New York with three millions, ninety-seven thousand, three hundred and twenty-four inhabitants has but thirty-five votes.

That is, Delaware, on a basis of thirty thousand five hundred and two inhabitants, has one vote for these two important functionaries of the government, while New York has but one vote on a basis of eight hundred and four thousand and ninety-two inhabitants, which actually leaves two million, thirty thousand, five hundred and forty-four of her inhabitants absolutely, though unconsciously perhaps, disfranchised, in the election of President and Vice President.

The tremendous power and patronage of the Executive department, in the selection of which, so large a number of the people are disfranchised, must not be forgotten. It nominates and appoints, by and with, the advice and consent of the Senate, the judicial department of this government. It "makes treaties by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," it appoints ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and all other officers of the United States, whose appointments are not otherwise provided for. In all these highly important functions of the Executive department, 2,000,544 of the inhabitants of New York are, in fact, excluded from any participation. They are, to all intents and purposes, as compared with the people of Delaware, absolutely disfranchised, and yet without a murmur at such injustice and inequality.

As in the case of State sovereignty, some politicians, unable to make the United States Government entirely "National" in its character, have attempted to make it, at least, partly "National." They are forced to admit the Federal character of the Senate, but claim "that the House of Representatives is truly National." This position, however, is not sustained by facts; for if the House of Representatives is truly National, there would be no fractions left in each State misrepresented, nor would the State Rights be, in the least, regarded in the nomination of the inhabitants for members of the House. This position neither Southern or Northern Democrats, Republicans, or Garrisonian Abolitionists, can by any possibility refute, because they defend the constitutional right of the slave states to have their representation in the House of Representatives partly upon their slaves, as being the "three-fifths of all other persons" named in the Federal Constitution. At the adoption of the Federal Constitution there was at least "one free State." It then the "three-fifths" clause of the Federal Constitution means, and describes slaves, as is almost universally claimed, it utterly and forever refutes the popular doctrine that the House of Representatives is "National" in character. We Radical Abolitionists it is true, utterly deny that the "three-fifths" clause, as any other clause in the Federal Constitution means, or describes slaves, but it does not follow that they must necessarily maintain that the United States Government is "National" instead of "Federal" in its character. On this question they are divided. Mr. Goodell, of the Principia, is an out-and-out consolidationist of the old Federal school. He utterly repudiates the right of a State to secede from the Union, and would involve this confederacy of sovereign States in a bloody war, to coerce a seceding State into submission. In this Mr. Goodell takes the popular view maintained by the Republican party, and the northern Democracy. Mr. Goodell says: "As a natural, original right, it may be conceded." This is a concession fatal to the claim of coercing a State into submission. The "Radical Abolitionists" truthfully deny that wrong can be legislated. If this be true, and if it be also true that the colonies had a "natural, original right," to secede from their Union with the British people, then, it follows, as an inevitable result, that the British Government had no right to coerce them into submission. Good, himself, had no right to punish them for the peaceful exercise of this "natural, original right," and if he governs the universe, he will hold the British people to their accountability for the barely wicked and desperate efforts to coerce the "seceding" colonies into submission. Approvingly Mr. Goodell quotes the language of a slaveholder that "it is treason to secede." If this be true, then it was "treason" in the colonies. To prove that the Constitution was adopted "FOREVER"—that the dead have an inalienable right to "govern, without their consent," the terming millions who are to succeed us in all future time, Mr. Goodell catches with avidity at a mere "scrap of history." What a wonderful discovery for a "Radical Abolitionist" who on the slavery question, repudiates all "scrap of history," and earnestly appeals to the "plain sense and intention" of the Constitution itself, for the powers of the Government created by it. On a former occasion, and in defense of liberty, Mr. Goodell asserted that "Rights never conflict with each other." This is a self-evident truth. Right is an eternal and fixed principle that can "conflict with" nothing but its opposite, wrong. Hence the "natural, original right" of a State to secede, can "never conflict" with the assumed "right" of the Federal Government to coerce it into submission. I, as a farmer of Illinois, have a "natural, original right" to raise a bushel of wheat, and exchange it with one of my fellow beings (white or black). In Canada, for a bushel of cloth, regardless of the revenue laws. Now if the Government has a "right" under price and penalties, to prohibit my "right" thus to barter, "rights" do "conflict." The Government, however, is wrong; and here, as in the case of slavery, wrong is said to be legal, and converted into right, and is enforced "against right."

The "Radical Abolitionists" deny the authority of any government to outlaw right, or to legalize wrong; and yet Mr. Goodell, it seems to me, is, on the question of secession, ignoring the cardinal principles by which we hope to overthrow not only slavery, but every other species of wrong. For if human legislation can transform every "natural, original right" into a wrong, by converting a wrong into a counter right, then it can legalize slavery and our principles are a bungling friend Goodell. The Higher Law succeeded by Judge Blackstone, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Now there is no possible plea or excuse for the rank injustice, and unexampled inequality, of the United States Government, save that of preserving intact the sovereignty of the states, and the strictly Federal character of the compact to which they alone are parties.

There who advocate the theory that there is a "National," and not a Federal system of Government, assert that "granting all these positions to be true, yet the United States Supreme court, being the sole judge in the last resort, can authoritatively determine what rights the states have discarded, and what they have retained, and that

consequently, to its behest they are unconditionally bound to submit." This question will be examined in my next number.

M. G. WRIGHT.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

Mr. Editor: Well, the election is over, and one of the Illinois candidates is elected. Ever since that event and I know not how long before, the South, especially, the kingdom of South Carolina, has taken on a Big Mad, and the nether lip of the tiny pointer, hangs down as long as a mason's sheepskin, and portends awful revolutions. Uncle Sam (not Sam), is greatly frightened at the course of this member of the family, for he is an old "back," and don't understand the business of spanking and training babies, and especially those of the game breed. Now Gen. Jackson would have administered a dose of hickory oil, and hushed up all this fuss, were he at the head of the family.

The Union saviors have had a busy time for the last few weeks. All sorts of glue, wax, tar, and similar sticky articles have been lavishly used, and in such quantities, that were they of much value their loss would be sufficient to bankrupt a nation. The most popular exclamation that these union saviors have been dabbled with, is the hobby that all the free states must repeal every law that equates toward liberty. Nothing less than this will satisfy the South or take off that Big Mad, and will that do it? If the free states are here enough to do so mean an act, they will find that will be but the beginning of their abasement.

Now Uncle Jim (not Sam) is a poor nurse, so all the family is getting to work to modify the wrath of the baby, and they are making a pretty job of it. In their endeavors they are only carrying out their feverish juveniles to help Miss Caroline (S.) to quell rebellion. Here is granny Bell, and granny Douglas, and granny Curwin, and I don't know how many other grand dames, mixing up vermouths, elixirs, &c., in the shape of antidotes, to sweeten the temper of the little creature, and the more they mix the louder becomes the squall, and the confusion but increases in intensity. A little calumpny, backed with external applications of raw birch, freely administered, would be a cheaper treatment, and quite as efficacious as the hutchpenny they have mingled together. However, as the patients are afflicted with a very black fever, perhaps the hydropathic treatment, with a free adoption of soap, would be better still. For somebody will say that soap and civilization go together.

But I must not forget to tell you that not only the granny doctors and quackpaths generally have exercised their learned skill, with all the incantations (especially the ones) their books furnish, to cure this furious fever, but you know further, when the case becomes desperate the priest has to be called in, and say the prayers and do the pow-wow, in order to lay the evil spirit, if the patient is going to cross the stygian river, or try and pray it well. In this city those preachers who are so truly exercised about introducing politics in the sacred dock (very sacred), on Thanksgiving day roared off their union sermons by the dozen. Next morning one paper contained some half-dozen of their efforts—the baby squaled soon for she has the Big Mad awail. I look for the patient to commence kicking soon, and then the Union will grate like drumsticks, and very possibly some of the grannies will have a few spoonfuls of doctor stuff kicked into their faces, and even the spectacle knocked off their venerable noses. Would not that sure cure 'em?

I say if the youngsters want to go, let her trot. It may be that in the experiment, the story of the prodigal son will be re-enacted, with the important variation, however, that nobody will be so glad as to kill a calf on the return of the prodigal wanderer. Have you ever noticed that the bigger pile a man has the more timid does he become? Who first became scared at the Big Mad? The banks, of course, business men came next, and as they are the go-between of the banks and the workers, the card is generally so managed that the latter suffer while the former become enriched. This state of things gives the croakers a fine chance to show their talents. In every thing they can see blue ruin—I suppose even in their looking glasses. Oh, the union—the glorious union is about to be dissolved—there will be war, of course, and hell, horrors, hell—there will be no chances for the big offices.

Last winter Mr. Curtis, of New York, lectured here, and Mayor Henry manfully sustained him against threats of mob violence. On Thursday last the Union was to be saved here, the Mayor leading off by acting as president of all the Limber Knives. There was a high "old time" that night, for it was reported that forty-two arrests were made on that night, of orators, who were saving the union by baptism—insanity. This indicates that union saving and roudism go together. According to announcement that night Mr. Curtis of New York was to lecture here, taking for his subject the Pulley of Honesty. In the morning papers of that day the Mayor came out in a card, and said, if he had the power, he would not permit Mr. Curtis to speak! And the proprietor of the Hall, which he had hired for that purpose, also issues a card saying that he was officially informed that there would be a mob if the lecturer attempted to speak, and thereupon locks the door. Doubt this lock as if the mob and authorities are not very aware to each other? Monday's Inquirer publishes a card, anonymous of course, which it states was largely circulated, and that card was the call on all unionists to mob Mr. Curtis. That union must be a weak concern if its friends are so fearful of free speech.

Now that South Carolina has commenced the work of secession, I hope to see the plot carried out to the fullest extent. Indeed, I almost fear the North will be so uselessly mean as to do every thing the South asks, and so much more, that they will be induced to put off as that the morning which is so much as inevitably as that the morning sun will rise, if slavery is not peacefully abolished. The question has now to be settled by a sort of scrub race between Southern pluck and Northern servility—and may the pluck beat the dough-face and mud external!

And what has brought about all this state of affairs? Free speech, and a free press. Bro. Jones, you and I will remember the time when we scarcely dared utter a sentiment against slavery in any part of the country. The question is moved here sometimes as to who is to blame for the present state of affairs. I claim that free speech is responsible, and if I could obtain the credit of having contributed to build up a state of feeling which should either destroy oppression in our country, or the power that upholds it, it seems to me that would be glory enough for the work of a quarter of a century. It has been the united work of many, and daily their numbers are increasing, and will increase until the right shall triumph.

The Anti-Slavery Fair held in this place last week seemed to be well attended. The contributions to its make up, mostly by ladies, I presume, presented a very fine exhibition of articles, and a great variety, both of the useful and ornamental. One singular coincidence about this fair I will note which is this, it was held in the same room where the Breckinridge men used, before their election to have their head quarters. I think the fair people promulgated better sentiments than those vociferous union saviors who need to clamor for their political chiefs and spiritually hurrah for slavery.

The Boston mob of black coats and whiskey rowdies is refreshing—it reminds me of old times. There is this difference, however, so it seems to me, in 1853 they mobbed in their might—now they do it in their impotence. I think the parties most damaged by the mob was the most active in carrying it on.

These pro-slavery fellows don't realize that John Brown is at work among them. He set a ball in motion, or rather gave it an impetus, which the combined powers of slavery cannot arrest. They may kill a man, but if his principles are good, in their efforts to overthrow them, the oppressors will always come off second best.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17, 1860.  
For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.  
SCRUTINER, Chester Co., Pa.,  
15th Dec., 1860.  
To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Bugle:  
A friend yesterday handed me half a dozen of the more recent numbers of The Bugle, in some of which I find accounts more or less complete of the action of several of our Western Conventions, the tone of which reminds me of those we used to have in the East, but they are sadly out of fashion here. It is consoling to find that those among you who are most prominent in reform still recognize the necessity of ploughing deep to insure an abundant harvest, and are not carried away by the desire for what is often called "success," but which, when analyzed, is found to be no success at all.

Recent events, (both of a public and private nature) in this County, which probably upon the whole comprises as much intelligence as any other in the State, indicate anything rather than that the success of Lincoln is a triumph for our principles. Superficial people regard the abandonment of the different branches of the Democratic party for the Republican, as conclusive evidence of a more enlightened state of mind on the part of the individuals making the change. Experience has taught me that it furnishes no such evidence.—It is a truth—though one which I was slow to acknowledge—that the majority of the people are, in times like these, especially, principally to ascertain which is likely to be the successful party, and to make all haste to ally themselves with it, if they are not already in it; and the truth never is better exemplified than in the recent election. There was an instinctive conviction that Lincoln would be the successful candidate, and thousands of men who never dreamed of having any conception of a principle of any kind whatever, rushed headlong into the "People's party," with all the haste of vulgar people who are afraid they may be too late. And this very name of "People's party," which the Republicans ascribed in this State, is one of the best proofs of what I have alleged. Only think of it! The most liberal political party in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in the year 1860, afraid to assume the name which the men of the Revolution adopted as a generic term for the very form of government which they established! Isn't this a pretty commentary upon our "progress"?—The name "People's party," was adopted to please the "masses" who find it very agreeable to be courted by those they regard as their superiors—though Heaven knows they often make a grand mistake in their estimate—and who, to a great extent, are as vicious as ever in their democratic habit of persons having the least admixture of African blood in their veins. The Republicans simply lowered their standard so as to entice these people into their ranks.

In Philadelphia Mayor Henry has just been presiding at a grand Union meeting made up of men of all the four principal political parties, and has declared, in effect, that mob law rules in the city, as he has avowed that he cannot protect an Anti-Slavery speaker in the exercise of the right of free speech, guaranteed to him even by the Federal Constitution, mean as it is. The meeting was opened with prayer by Bishop Potter, and was in the words of our most liberal county newspaper "the most stirring and terrible meeting of the kind ever held." This is rather more than I should be willing to say, for have we not all been sickened beyond even sickness, with the humiliating exhibitions of this kind which we have been obliged to witness before? But the meeting did pledge themselves that they would see to it that our Legislature should diligently and humbly overhaul the statutes of the Commonwealth, and if they found anything in the remotest degree conflicting with the Federal Constitution, that they should expunge it immediately. Mayor Henry, you will remember, is the "People's" choice for the office he now fills. Truly "we are all poor, miserable creatures."

I, for one, am strongly inclined to the opinion that what the Republican party has gained in numbers it has lost in principle, if there was any possibility of this latter kind in a case where the quantity of the quality was indefinitely small. Not that there are not hundreds, or even thousands of men united with the party in the State who cherish an honest hatred of slavery for its own sake, but their influence is but little felt, comparatively, while the numerical majority, true to their sordid propensities, drown the voices of the reasonable few with their loud and unmistakable cry. It requires more pluck than most of the anti-slavery members of the party possess to encounter the certain opposition of the "leaders."

And then the "leaders," themselves, are led—I was told, while in Centre county in the summer, by a man on whose word I could rely, that he had heard Mr. Curtis, our Governor elect, declare that "John Brown was the greatest man the country had produced since the Revolution." And yet Mr. Curtis is quoted by the Union-savers in the city as one of our most moderate. This is what we call "statesmanship," and Mr. Howard regards it as the only thing worthy of the name, for that genius which creates and guides the great currents of thought into purer channels may be philosophy but is not statesmanship, according to his theory. It seems to me we might make a shift to do without these "statesmen" pretty soon.

Some of the Anti-Slavery party seem to be rather too much inclined to be overwhelmed with a sense of the co-operation of people of this class who the North is not a province dependent upon the South—that a Union which means nothing, is nothing—that panic, disaster and financial ruin are better than base and servile submission.

—people who, at best, have given the cause a flimsy and cautious support, and who have shown a very evident solicitude that they should not be identified by the public with the vulgar class who have simply laid their all upon the altar. We can hardly expect others to respect us where we do not respect ourselves.

But fortunately the Union feeling is really growing weaker among the people generally, in spite of the misrepresentations of the lying newspapers. Men are growing weary of the feckery of the thing who are not positive enough to oppose the Union because of its demoralizing influence, and many others begin to think that it would be a very nice thing to have some permanent settlement of our national difficulties which would protect the laboring classes from these periodical and vexatious crises.

Very truly yours,  
HOWARD W. GILBERT.

## OUR DOCTRINE TAUGHT BY THE SOUTH.

[The Alabama State Sentinel in giving the following article against the secession of that state, only repeats some of the arguments with which abolitionists have endeavored to enforce upon the North a conviction that she is morally and politically responsible for the continuance of slavery.]  
"But our slaves escape to the North."  
"Well, we have a fugitive slave law, United States courts, commissioners and marshals."  
"But they won't enforce the law."  
"But they do enforce it in some, in many cases."  
"So they ought to enforce it in all cases."  
"So they ought, but what then?"  
"Why dissolve the Union?"  
"Dissolve the Union, and you dissolve the fugitive slave law; do this, and you convert every State into a Canadian province. You could not of right demand your slaves in Arkansas. When did you ever recapture a slave from Canada or Mexico?"  
"Now turn to many of the United States. Look at the situation of Maryland. What is to prevent their slaves from going to Pennsylvania and New Jersey? Turn to Virginia and Kentucky. Side by side, you have Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana and Illinois. The river is frozen in winter. It is dry or shallow in summer. A man can swim it, cross it in a boat, on a plank, a raft, or on a log, at any season."  
"Look at Missouri, Arkansas and Texas; particularly Missouri. There is Illinois on the East, Iowa on the North, and Kansas on the west, all free States. Dissolve the Union and they become to Missouri, each of them, foreign governments, precisely such as Canada and Mexico, where your slave, once he enters, had as well be dead or free. In the Union as things remain, the slave knows he is liable to be pursued and brought back, and will not hazard the attempt to escape. Out of the Union, and he soon learns that every farm house, every hamlet and village, is a city of refuge, and beyond question would go any length to get over the line."

"Here are five States in this condition. They cannot dispense with the Constitution and the Fugitive Slave Law."  
"But we will form treaties."  
"Yes when one can make a bargain and have things all his own way. We have treaties with England and Mexico, but none we know of reached the case. If we cannot live together under the Constitution, or consent to have the law enforced, it is folly to delude ourselves with the hope of a treaty for the return of fugitives from either justice or labor."

"But we will purchase our slaves if need be, with a hundred men."  
"Yes, and they will resist with two hundred men."  
"Then we will bring five hundred."  
"And they will bring a thousand."  
"What comes next but an armed invasion, and proclamation offering freedom to the slaves?—These five States poll nearly half a million more than two fifths of the entire vote of the South."

## A WAGER.

Last summer, H. F. Siskles, Esq., of Moline, in this State, met E. N. Whiteford, a slaveholder of St. Louis, and during a political discussion, a bet was made of a certain amount of floor, the manufacturers of Mr. Siskles, against one of Mr. Whiteford's negroes, on the result of the election in this State and New York. Nothing more was heard of the bet by Mr. Siskles, till after the election, when he received a letter from Mr. Whiteford informing him that the negro was rightfully his, and that he must come and take possession of him. Mr. Siskles immediately went to St. Louis, took possession of his property and went before the City Recorder, obtained Charles's free papers and handed them to him telling him at the same time that he was a free man, and could do with himself as he pleased. The joy of the negro was unbounded at the thought of his being able to say that he owned himself! The negro is about thirty-five years of age, and is what they term down South "a good likely negro," active and smart, and would have brought in the Southern market from \$1,200 to \$1,500.

These facts we gather from the Rock Island Register.—Cleveland Leader.

## HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

Let us say a word for John Hutchins, the only man, who has demanded the rights of the North amid the clatter of Union-tinkering at Washington.

The telegraph reports that while northern men in the House were proposing the abatement of the Free States, John Hutchins "introduced a resolution instructing the committee to report what legislation is necessary to give full effect to that part of the Constitution which provides that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of the other States; and also that it is necessary to secure to all the people, whether residing in or traveling through any State, the full benefit of that part of the Constitution which secures them against unreasonable searches and seizures in the absence of probable cause."

This is what we want now. Let us have security for the lives and property of distant oblige to travel in the South. Afterwards it will be time to talk of concession and compromise. First of all, now—justice and equality for white men before the Union. No more burnings of men and hangings of women by mobs—no more interruption and insult to northern citizens by vigilance committees. People should learn that a Union in which these things exist is not worth having—that it is a state of anarchy, to which bloody revolution would be peace and prosperity.

Good for John Hutchins! the man who remembers that the North is not a province dependent upon the South—that a Union which means nothing, is nothing—that panic, disaster and financial ruin are better than base and servile submission.

to wrong—that human nature is a nobler thing, and more to be regarded than trade.

Good! you speak for us all when you "speak for yourself, John."—State Journal.

From the Philadelphia Sunday Transcript.

## AN OUTRAGE UPON THE RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH.

The Mayor of this city, last week, perpetrated an outrage upon the constitutional right of Free Speech which deserves exposure and censure. The daily journals of Philadelphia are, most of them, such partisan or such dish water concerns, that they have feared to characterize the conduct of the Mayor in such language as it deserves. We will, therefore, tell a plain tale, which we challenge ALEXANDER HASTY, or his satellites, to contradict or explain, if they dare.

It is well known that the "People's Literary Institute" of this city—an organization of some years standing—has, for several seasons past, maintained brilliant and attractive courses of lectures. The Institute alleges that it has endeavored to obtain lecturers from all parts of the Union, and of all political parties and religious professions. It has tried to secure, for this very season, the services, among others, of ROBERT TOWN, STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS, A. H. STEPHENS, R. H. WARD, R. H. HARRIS, SENATOR HAMMOND, HENRY A. WARD, EDWARD EVERETT, REV. DR. MORRIS, and Archbishop HUGHES. They have made application to no less than forty-two of the most distinguished men of all parts of the Union. Only two weeks ago they put upon their roster that eminently conservative citizen, DAVID PAUL BROWN. But a turn out that Southern gentlemen and conservative gentlemen are not much given to lectures and literature; and so the Institute has been compelled to treat the public to lectures mainly from their Northern fellow-citizens of liberal views. Some of these are *literateurs* and lecturers by profession or by constant habit. The three most celebrated lecturers in the Northern States are Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, REV. E. H. CHAPIN, and GEORGE W. CURTIS, Esq., and very naturally, these three are standing attractions of the "Literary Institute."

Mr. CURTIS is widely known, both in Europe and in America as a scholar of varied and elegant culture, a writer of rare vividness, nature, grace and genius; a graphic and telling delineator of the manners and life of the times; a graceful and persuasive orator. His books are among the most classic and finished specimens of our literature; his lectures are sought after in every great city of the North by large numbers of the most intellectual and scholarly of our people, and he has lectured over and over again in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, as well as in nearly all the principal towns.

Last winter, Mr. CURTIS, in pursuance of an appointment made months before, delivered an address in this city, to an organization of young men who had specially invited him to do so, upon "The Aspects of the Slavery Question." A set of resolutions, said to have been encouraged, hired and paid by certain merchants, and signed on by one or two newspapers, undertook to prevent the delivery of this lecture by mob violence. It is well remembered, that on that occasion, ALEXANDER HASTY sustained the right of Mr. CURTIS to speak, and if our citizens to hear him. The mob, although urged by wretched demagogues to assault and were down National Hall, were beaten back by the police. Mr. CURTIS finished his lecture, interrupted only by hisses inside the Hall, which were soon stopped by the police, and by missiles and oil of vitriol, occasionally thrown in at the window upon ladies present. The lecture of Mr. CURTIS, on that occasion, was admitted afterwards by all, and endorsed by the Mayor himself, as being conciliatory, and moderate in tone, and not at all justifying the excitement respecting it, gotten up in advance by interested parties.

In making out the programme for this winter, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was, as usual, invited to lecture, and fixed for an evening of last week. The particular week and evening were selected merely by chance, as it were, just as other evenings for other lectures were chosen, because they happened to suit each one's respective engagements and convenience. The time of Mr. CURTIS' lecture was fixed and arranged at least two months ago; and without any reference whatever to any other occasion of any other society.

The course of ALEXANDER HASTY, in sustaining the right of Free Speech, at National Hall, last winter, was approved by every decent man in Philadelphia. But although the community at large applauded him, he betrayed his weakness of nature by procuring some of his personal and social friends to address him a special letter of approval, in order that he might have an opportunity of *apologizing* for his course, and catering a little to the pro-slavery element. Accordingly, he replied in a very ill-conceived epistle, making excuses for what he ought to have been proud of, and uttering things at the dominant sentiment of the free State.

But notwithstanding this, ALEXANDER HASTY was quite enthusiastically hailed as the champion of Free Speech, and the more Republican element of the "People's" party demanded his nomination as a tribute of deserved gratitude for his action in the National Hall affair. He was re-nominated for his present office almost by acclamation, (not because he had any special party strength, but because he seemed to stand as the representative of assailed and imperilled Free Speech. The Democrats, although nominating a very estimable gentleman, were so foolish as to accept the lesser offered them, and, on that issue, were defeated. ALEXANDER HASTY was re-elected; and his re-election was a distinct and emphatic declaration of the people of Philadelphia, that the right of Free Speech should be maintained to its fullest constitutional extent. His candidacy and acceptance of office, on that issue, was a solemn pledge that he had, so he would continue to uphold Free Speech.

But the recent conduct of ALEXANDER HASTY proves that he is false to all the expectations which produced his re-election. A few weeks ago, upon the announcement that HENRY WARD BEECHER would open the course of "Institute" lectures, the Mayor sent for the acting manager of the Institute, Mr. WATTS, and endeavored to frighten him into a withdrawal of Mr. BEECHER! He expressed great fears of a riot; whereas, in point of fact, what Mr. BEECHER did lecture, everything passed off in the most perfect order and quiet. Upon the approach of Mr. CURTIS to turn to lecture, the Mayor renewed his professions of fear. He wrote to the managers of the Institute to dissuade them from putting up Mr. CURTIS. He sent for Mr. WATTS, and informed him that a secret meeting of merchants and others had been held at the Continental Hotel to devise a plan for preventing CURTIS from lecturing, and to get up a riot if he did lecture. The Mayor said he had found this out by means of a spy.

Now any Magistrate, who had one spark of genuine courage, manhood, pluck, upon duty,







## Miscellaneous.

## TWO YEARS OLD.

BY E. C. PERCIVAL.

Playing on the carpet near me,  
Is a little cherub girl—  
And her presence, much I fear me,  
Sets my senses in a whirl.  
For a look is open lying,  
Full of grave philosophy,  
And I own I'm vainly trying  
To get her thoughts to hold.  
But in spite of my teasing,  
They will ever more be straying  
To that cherub near me playing,  
Only two years old.

With her hair so long and black,  
And her sunny eyes of blue,  
And her cheek so plump and rosy,  
She is charming to the view.  
Then her voice, to all who hear it,  
Breathes a sweet, entrancing spirit—  
Of to be forever near it,  
Is a joy untold.

For 'tis ever sweetly telling  
To my heart, with rapture swelling,  
Of affection ill-dwelling—  
Only two years old.

With a new delight I'm hearing  
All her sweet attempts at words,  
In their melody endearing,  
Sweeter far than any bird's.  
And the musical mistaking,  
Which her baby lips are making,  
For my heart a charm is making,  
Former in its hold.

Then the charm so rich and glowing,  
From the Roman's lips of glowing,  
Then she gives a look so knowing—  
Only two years old.

## THE OLD GARRET.

BY E. C. TAYLOR.

Sarcastic people say that the poets dwell in garrets, and simple people believe it. And others, neither sarcastic nor simple, need them all, among the rubbish, just because they do not know what to do with them down stairs and 'among folks' and so they chase them under the head of rubbish, and consign them to that grand repository of 'has-beens' and 'used-to-be's' the old garret.

The garret is to the other apartments of the household what the adverb is to the pedagogue in parsing. Every thing they do not know how to dispose of, is consigned to the list of adverbs. And it is for this precise reason we have garrets, because they do contain the relics of the old and of the past—souvenirs of other and happier and simpler hours.

They have come to build houses now-a-days without garrets. Impious innovation.

You men of bronze, and 'bearded like the pard,' who would like to make people believe, if you could, that you were never a 'toddling wee thing,' that you never were a 'ruffled dres,' or jingled a rattle box with infinite delight; that you never had a mother, and that she never became an old woman, and wore caps and spectacles, and may be took snuff, go home once more after all these years of absence, all bowed and whiskered, and six feet high as you are, and let us go together into that old-fashioned spacious garret that extends from gable to gable, with its narrow, oval windows with a spider web of a cash, through which steals a dim, religious light upon a museum of things unnameable, that once figured below stairs, but were long since crowded out by the Vandal hand of modern times.

The loose boards of the floor rattle somewhat as they used to do—don't they? when beneath your prattling feet they clattered alternately, when of a rainy afternoon, 'Mother,' wearied with unrequited opportunity, granted the 'Let us go up in the garret and play' And play? Precious little of play you have had since, we dare warrant, with your looks of dignity and dreams of ambition.

Here we are now in the midst of the garret. The old barrel—shall we rummage it? Old newspapers, dusty, yellow, a little tattered! 'Tis the 'Columbian Star.' How familiar the type looks! How it reminds you of old times, when you looked over the edge of the counter with the letters or papers for father! And these same stars just damp from the press were carried one by one to the fire, and perused and perused as they ought to be. Stars! Dump. Ah, many a star has set since then, and many a new tarred head grown damp with rain that fell not from clouds.

Dive deeper in the barrel. There! A bundle, up it comes, in a cloud of dust. Old almanacs, by all that is memorable. Thin leaved ledgers of time going back to let us see how far: 1841-1842, 1843, 1844, before our time—1845, when our mothers were children. And the day book—how blotted and bleared with many records and tears.

There you have hit your head against that beam. Time was when you ran to and fro beneath it, but you are nearer to it now, by more than the 'altitude of a chapping.' That beam is strewn with forgotten papers of seeds for the next year's sowing; a dres, with some new shreds of flax remaining, thrust into a crevice of the rafters over-head, and tucked away close under the eaves, is the little wheel that used to stand by the fire in times long gone. Its sweet long song has ceased, and perhaps—perhaps she drew those flaxen threads—but never mind—you remember the time don't you?

'Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more.' Weigh that! That past. Do you see that little oval in that dark corner? It was red once, it was the only mark in the house once, and contained a mother's jewels. The old red candle for all the world! And you occupied that once, ay, great as you are, it was your world once, and over it the only horizon you beheld held the heaven of a mother's eyes as you rocked in that little barge of love, on the hither shore of time—fast by a mother's love to a mother's heart.

And there attached to two rafters, are the fragments of an untimely rope. Do you remember it, and what it was for, and who listened it there?

'Twas the children's swing. You are here indeed, but where are Nelly and Charley? There hangs his little cap by that window, and there the little red frock she used to wear. A crown is resting upon her cherub brow, and her robes are spotless in the letter land.

## THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.

'We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant—amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs—projects the honey-moon into the harvest moon, bearing in its bosom all the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears bravely, not only on the 'exceeding violence of sin,' but on the exceeding reality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, other from butter, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, erythrine from wine, water from milkmaids, and buttons from the contribution box.

'The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Geneva than all the wheat fields of New York grow, and all her mills grind. It will not make one half of a pair of shoes of good leather, and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash. It will not put Cousin's stamp on Jenkins's kid gloves, nor make Paris buttons on the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards, come to an untimely end in the tent, or a spoon of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards, be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton thread spool break to the yardstick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye, nor yard wide cloth measure less than thirty inches from selvage to selvage, nor all wool delaines and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of old rage pressed together, to be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand, into chinnies it contracted to build of seven dollar materials, nor rummage white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets, where boards ought to join, nor dash the ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window blinds with slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched.

'The religion that is to sanctify the world, pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given, is according to Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.'—*Congregationalist.*

## MR. EVERETT'S REMEMBRANCES OF LORD BYRON.

Mr. Everett writes us (August 3, 1858):

'Having at a very early age begun to feel a great interest in modern Greece, that feeling was raised to enthusiasm by the two first cantos of Childs Harold, which appeared the year after I left college. Determined to visit Greece myself, I left on that account especially desirous, on my arrival in London in the spring of 1815, of making the acquaintance of Lord Byron. I was offered an introduction to him by one of my friends—particularly by Richard Sharpe, Esq., better known in society as 'Con conversation Sharpe.' Delays, however, took place, and my youthful impatience led me somewhat to overstep the bounds of strict propriety. I addressed a note to Lord Byron, sending a copy of a poetical trial privately printed by me some time before, in which he was mentioned, and asking the honor of his acquaintance. I received a most obliging answer from him the next day, accompanied with a set of his poems in four volumes, (rendered doubly valuable by marginal corrections in his handwriting), and appointing an hour when he would see me. His reception of me was most cordial. Intercourse between the two countries was just reopened after the war of 1812-1814, and I was the first person from the United States whose acquaintance he had made. He expressed his satisfaction at the account I gave him of his trans-Atlantic fame. Our conversation was principally on the state of education and literature in this country, and on Greece, to which he said he was so much attached that, but for family considerations, he should be disposed to pass his life there. He offered me, without solicitation on my part, letters to his friends there, and, among them, to Ali Pasha, of Albania.

'The state of public affairs was then very critical. Napoleon, recently escaped from Elba, was advancing rapidly to meet the Prussian and English armies in Belgium. The probable result of the impending conflict was discussed with warmth by Lord Byron. 'Napoleon,' said he, 'will at first no doubt, drive the Duke of Wellington. That I shall be sorry for; I don't want to have my countrymen beaten. But I will tell you what I do want. I want to see Lord Castlereagh's head carried on a pike beneath that window.' This feeling, violent as it is, seems to have been pretty delicately cherished by Lord Byron. It is expressed in his conversation with Mr. Tinkler a few days later, after the battle of Waterloo had been fought, and in a letter to Moore written a day or two before I saw Lord Byron, he says, 'Of politics we have nothing but the yell for war; and Castlereagh is preparing his head for the pike, on which we shall see it carried before he has done.'

'Lord Byron—at this time in the enjoyment of his reputation as the chief of the modern British Persuasion—had laid aside entirely the misanthropic tone and eccentric manners with which he returned from the East. He was a great favorite in society, and happy, in all appearance, at home. He had also formed friendly relations with many of those whom he had attacked most severely in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' Mr. Rogers gave me an amusing account of the commencement of his acquaintance with Lord Byron on his return from the East. It took place in connection with the reconciliation of Byron and Moore, of which the successive steps are minutely related in Moore's Life of Byron. Mr. Rogers having been informed by Moore that Byron and

he had agreed on a meeting as friends, proposed that it should be at his (Mr. Rogers's) house, and desired Moore to invite Byron to meet him at dinner there. This invitation was accepted in the most gracious manner by Byron. It was issued at first that the party should be confined to the trio; but Campbell happened to call on Mr. Rogers in the course of the morning, and was invited to join them. This was in the first week of November, 1811; and at that time Byron was not personally known to Rogers, Moore or Campbell! Mr. Rogers introduced himself to Lord Byron, and presented the other two as they arrived. Mr. Rogers—whose dinners were always perfect—had taken pains to have a particularly nice one that day. He soon found, however, somewhat to his consternation, that there was nothing on the table which Lord Byron could eat or drink. He was at that time in one of the frequent fits of abstinence which he practised to check a tendency to grow stout. After refusing everything on the table, he asked for hard biscuit and soda water, neither of which happened to be in the house. The soda water was sent for and procured, but the biscuits were not to be had in the neighborhood. Lord Byron then called for the potatoes, filled his plate with them, and, pouring the contents of the vinegar cruet over them, made a hearty meal. His manner and conversation on this occasion did not appear to have pleased Mr. Rogers as much as they did Mr. Moore. Whenever I saw Lord Byron, his department and conversation were those of a well-read, intelligent man of the world, wholly free from affectation and coyness.

'It has been a question whether Lord Byron was lame in one foot or both. My own impression, when I saw him, was that the deformity extended equally to both feet; and such I understand Mr. Tinkler, speaking from actual inspection after his death, declares to have been the case. It was concealed from the eye by very long and loose trousers, but caused him to walk with a slight jerk at the hip. Mr. Rogers and Lord Byron were leaving a party together, shortly after their return from the Continent. A linkman accosted Lord Byron by name. Mr. Rogers breathlessly said, 'You see everybody knows you already.' Lord Byron rejoined, with a bitter expression, 'Yes, I am deformed.' This feeling seems to have been habitually present to his mind, if we can trust his biographers; but on no occasion when I saw him did he countenance what the expression of gloom or care.

'Three years and a half after I saw him in London, I had an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with Lord Byron at Venice, where I saw him a few times in the autumn of 1818. Notwithstanding the events which had occurred since I saw him in London, there was no change in his general appearance and manner. Our conversation was again very much on Greece, which I was to visit the next spring, and for which he furnished me additional letters. He now spoke with some confidence of taking up his abode there, though the revolution which caused him to do so had not yet broken out. He dwelt at some length on the state of society in Italy, particularly in Venice, and especially on the circle at the Countess Albrizzi's, which Lord Byron attended every evening for two years, to which I had the good fortune to be introduced by Ugo Foscolo. He spoke also with a good deal of interest of the Armenian studies which he carried on for a short time under Father Pasquel Auger, of the Armenian Convent at Venice. This learned and amiable ecclesiastic, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, told me that for the short time that Lord Byron studied with him he made rapid progress. He translated into English Father Auger's Armenian-Italian grammar, and also the unauthentic Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians, which had never appeared in an English version. They are found, as translated by Lord Byron, in the Appendix to Moore's Life.'

## CHILDLESS HOUSE.

Through her chambers roams the Mother,  
Searching, searching everywhere;  
Seeks, and knows not what, with yearning,  
Childless house still finding there.

Childless house! Oh, sound of anguish!  
She alone the anguish knows;  
Here day who led the dear one,  
Here who rocked its night repose.

Beechen buds again are swelling,  
Sunshine warms again the shore,  
Ah, fount of sorrow, cease your searching,  
Come the loved and lost no more!

Then, when alas! eyes are fresh'ning,  
Home the father wanders his way,  
While with smiles he sees his darling,  
Gushing tears his heart betray.

Well he knows within his dwelling  
Still on death bed'fied the gloom,  
Only near the mother mourning,  
No sweet babe to smile him home.

A SPOON DEFENSE.—At a recent term of the Supreme Court in Bangor, the case of Newcomb vs. the inhabitants of Newburg, for damages from alleged defect in the highway came up for trial, when the defendants put in the following specifications of defense:

1. No such town as Newburg.
2. No such man as Newcomb.
3. No road.
4. No hole in the road.
5. No horse ever injured.
6. Horse injured did not belong to plaintiff.
7. Plaintiff's finger not hurt.
8. Plaintiff's finger injured two years before.
9. Plaintiff injured his own finger by pounding it with a rack two years previous to the alleged cause of action against town, in anti-pation of and preparation for the same. It is quite unnecessary to add that the verdict was for defendants.

How to LIVE WELL.—Good meals at moderate intervals, and the stomach left at rest between. Some interval—an interval of active exercise is best—after it. A short nap, for those who need or like it, after dinner. Light occupation in the evening; literature or correspondence, with more or less social intercourse, music, or other recreation. These are each and all highly desirable, but the most indispensable of all is strenuous and various exercise.—*Miss Martineau.*

THE Little Pilgrim has the following:—  
'Little Sammie B., poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings, suddenly remarked, with much reverence: "Mamma, I don't want to be an angel—and I needn't, need I?" "Why not Sammie?" "What, give up all my pretty clothes, and wear feeders like a hen?"'

## GOING RIGHT ALONG FOR 1861!

## THE GOOD OLD OHIO CULTIVATOR, A MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO THE—Farm, Live Stock, Garden, Orchard, AND THE CULTIVATION OF THE PEOPLE.

Size enlarged to 32 pages, and price reduced from One Dollar to

ONLY FIFTY CENTS A YEAR!

A club of ten copies at \$5, and a copy extra to the getter-up of every club of ten. Vol. XVI for 1861, begins with the first of January. Specimens and prospectuses sent free.

S. D. HARRIS, Editor, Columbus, Ohio.

## FIELD NOTES: A Current Chronicle of Out-Door Affairs.

Encouraged by the great success of the Ohio Cultivator, and to meet more fully a demand for intelligence of passing events relating to Rural Affairs, we shall commence on the 1st of January, 1861, and publish a

LARGE FIRST CLASS WEEKLY PAPER, Devoted to the same scope of Practical Farming Affairs as heretofore given in the Ohio Cultivator, and besides this, give complete MARKET REPORTS, Notices of Sales, Importations, Exchanges, and Statistics of Live Stock, Standing and Performances of Horses, Notices of Agricultural Societies, All manner of Field News, Adventures in the Saddle, Shooting, Fishing and many Sports, with a choice and liberal Lunch of Family Miscellany.

FIELD NOTES will be a large, double eight page sheet, published every week, jumping alive with rich and funny things which we dare not put in the Ohio Cultivator. A Sample No. will be ready about the middle of December, and sent free to all applicants who desire to subscribe or use it for getting up clubs.

TERMS.—Single copy, \$2 a year; five copies for \$8; ten copies for \$15 and a copy extra to the getter-up of every club of ten. Payment, as usual, in advance.

S. D. HARRIS, Editor, Columbus, Ohio.

## PROSPECTUS MAYFLOWER.

A SEMI-MONTHLY QUARTO, Devoted to Temperance, Chaste Literature, and the General Interests of Woman, MISS LIZZIE BUNNELL, Editor and Proprietor, DR. MARY F. THOMAS, Richmond, Ind., Associate Editor.

TERMS.—One copy one year, 50 cents; eleven copies one year, \$5.00.

The first volume of the Mayflower will commence on the 1st of January, 1861, and it will be the object of the editors to make it a useful and entertaining journal. In this they will be assisted by numerous able contributors from all parts of the country, among whom is Mrs. Frances D. Gage, of whose talents and popularity as a writer, all remittances and communications should be addressed to Miss Lizzie Bunnell, Peru, Miami County, Indiana.

## VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE!

Will be held at private sale, that desirable property situated in Knox Township, Columbiana co., Ohio, four and half miles southeast of Alliance, and one-fourth mile South of the Salem and Mt. Union road; formerly the property of Henry Cooper, but more recently owned by Joshua Lee. It contains 120 acres, 100 of which is cleared and in a high state of cultivation, the remaining 20 acres being covered with timber. The improvements consist of a large substantial brick house, two and a half stories high, with four rooms on a floor with a large hall both up and down;—a large nearly new double decked barn with every thing about it in perfect order, wagon house with loft above and corn crib attached. Sheep house, hog house, and house, spring house, drying house, blacksmith shop and a tenant house and barn. These buildings are all in fine condition, the most of them being nearly new, and for neatness and durability cannot be surpassed by any in the neighborhood. There is also upon the property an apple orchard of 150 trees bearing fruit of a superior quality. Also a peach orchard of 300 trees just in bearing order, a good stone and coal quarry, a never failing stream of water which passes through the barn yard, affording sufficient water for the stock. Besides this running stream, there is two never failing wells at the barn and the other half water, the different enclosures are so arranged that stock can obtain water at any time. This is a desirable property and worthy of the attention of any one desirous of purchasing; the land being of extra quality and considerably elevated, the buildings occupy a fine position and are a short distance from the public road. The farm would be suitable either for farming or grazing purposes, and would make a splendid country residence. It is contiguous to schools, mills, and places of public worship of various denominations. Any person wishing to view the premises will be shown the same by HENRY BROSIUS, residing thereon.

## GEO. W. MANLY,

ARTIST, Schilling's Block, Main street, Salem, Ohio.

The largest and best assortment of Cases to be found in this section of Ohio.

## THE CLOSING OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1860.

## GRAND RALLY AT THE BROADWAY CLOTH AND CLOTHING HOUSE.

Well known as the Largest and Cheapest Clothing House in the Country, Celebrated for its

## CHOICE STYLES OF GOODS! FASHIONABLE CUT! NEATNESS OF FIT!

## DURABILITY OF WORK!!

We keep no Eastern Work. Every Garment made up here by Superior Workmen, of Goods bought directly of the Manufacturers and Importers, and Warranted well made.

REMEMBER THE PLACE, Sign of the American Flag, Street's Block, BROADWAY, SALEM, OHIO.

H. WEEKS & Co., Proprietors.

Salem, Nov. 3, 1860.

Branch House, West end of Buckeye House, Alliance, Kan. City, Ohio.

BOTANIC Medicines for Sale! Tax subscriber offers for sale her entire stock of medicines, together with all the fixtures for preparing the same, at her residence on High street, Salem, Ohio.

G. L. CHURCH, March 1st 1860.

## SEVEN YEARS.

The seven years of unrivalled success attending the

COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION,

have made it a household word throughout every quarter of the Country.

Under the auspices of this popular Institution, over three hundred thousand homes have learned to appreciate—by beautiful works of art on their walls, and choice literature on their tables, the great benefits derived from becoming a subscriber.

Subscriptions are now being received in a ratio unparalleled with that of any previous year.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any person can become a member by subscribing Three Dollars, for which sum they will receive

1st.—The large and superb Steel Engraving 30 x 38 inches, entitled,

"Fallstaff Mustering his Recruits."

2nd.—One copy, one year, of that elegantly illustrated magazine,

"THE COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL,"

3d.—Four admissions, during the season, to "The Gallery of Paintings, 548 Broadway, N. Y."

In addition to the above benefits, there will be given to subscribers, as gratuitous premiums, over

Five Hundred Beautiful Works of Art!

comprising valuable Paintings, Marbles, Parianes, Outlines, &c., forming a truly national benefit.

The Superb Engraving, which every subscriber will receive, entitled, "FALLSTAFF MUSTERING HIS RECRUITS," is one of the most beautiful and popular engravings ever issued in this country. It is done on steel, in fine line and stipple, and is printed on heavy plate paper, 30 by 38 inches, making a most choice ornament, suitable for the walls of either the library, parlor or office. Its subject is the celebrated scene of Sir John Falstaff receiving, in Justice Shallow's office, the recruits which have been gathered for his "ragged regiment." It could not be furnished by the trade for less than five dollars.

The Art Journal is too well known to the whole country to need commendation. It is a magnificently illustrated magazine of Art, containing Essays, Stories, Poems, Gossip, &c., by the very best writers in America.

The Engraving is sent to any part of the country by mail, with safety, being packed in a cylinder, postage prepaid.

Subscriptions will be received until the Evening of the 31st of January, 1861, at which time the books will close and the premiums be given to subscribers.

No person is restricted to a single subscription. Those remitting \$15, are entitled to five memberships, and to one Extra Engraving for their trouble.

Subscriptions from California, the Canadas, and all Foreign Countries, must be \$3.50 instead of \$3, in order to defray extra postage, etc.

For further particulars send for a copy of the elegantly illustrated Art Journal, pronounced the handsomest magazine in America. It contains Catalogue of Premiums, and numerous superb engravings. Regular price, 50 cents per number. Specimen copies, however, will be sent to those wishing to subscribe, on receipt of 15 cents, in stamps or coin.

Address, C. L. DERBY, Artuary, C. A. A., 546 Broadway, New-York.

N. B.—Subscriptions received and forwarded by ISAAC N. WRIGHT, Agent for Salem, and vicinity, where specimen Engravings and Art Journal can be seen.

## NEW GOODS!

Just received at JACOB HEATON'S, our THIRD FALL & WINTER STOCK OF GOODS.

The people seem to have found out, without excess of puffing, that they always get the worth of their money at

THE SALEM EXCHANGE,

Where you will find one of the best selected Stock of GOODS that was ever brought to this market.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.

You will find everything in that line, from a Rich Brocade Silk, to a simple Delaine. Call and see.

WOMEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR.

Every thing that is wanted in that line, from a \$20 Overcoat, to a simple Pocket Knife.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

Ladies' Cloaks, Hooped Skirts, New Fall prices, Dusters, Duster Cloth, Trimmings, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Plumes, &c., &c.

CHOICE GROCERIES.

Carpet, and Carpet Chain, Leather and Buffalo Ropes.

A SPLENDID LOT OF QUEENSWARE,

Glassware, Knives and Forks, Hats, and Caps, Boots and Shoes, &c., &c.

All of which will be sold on the "Nimble sixpence," basis.

J. HEATON.

## THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Commencement of the Seventh Volume.

The publishers of The Atlantic Monthly have pleasure in announcing that the new volume, to commence with the number for January, 1861, will contain features of remarkable interest and attractiveness. Among these, may be named,

A NEW NOVEL, By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and 'The Minister's Wooing.'

A NEW NOVEL, By Charles Reade, Author of 'Christie Johnston,' 'Peg Woffington,' &c., &c.

NEW STORIES, By Miss Harriet Prescott, Author of 'The Amber Gods,' and 'Sir Robin's Ghost.'

A NEW ROMANCE, By the author of 'Charles Auchester,' and 'Countryparts.'

## IMPORTANT TO FARMERS, Stock Breeders, Fruit Growers, Bee Keepers, &amp;c.—The Cheapest and Best Rural Weekly Paper in the United States!

THE RURAL AMERICAN, published at Union N. Y., is now enlarged to eight double quarto pages, embracing Forty long columns of reading matter, and is got up in a style unequalled by any other similar paper.

ITS SIXTH VOLUME.

This highly popular weekly will commence in sixth volume, January 1st, 1861; and it is decided by the numerous subscribers, and it is believed, the many Agricultural, Horticultural, Literary and general Family Newspaper combined, the published in this country.

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENTS.

These departments are conducted by men of great experience in rural pursuits, and are surpassed in practical information by any other publication.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

This embraces the most useful information that can be procured in the entire Encyclopedia of foreign and domestic literature, with Biography, Sketches, Histories, Travels, &c., of rare merit and interest. A Tale of thrilling interest will appear weekly, which can be read by the most fastidious in moral taste without harm, and which will be a very attractive feature of this paper, especially to young people.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

For the especial benefit of the Ladies, the Rural American will contain a department of Domestic Economy, in which a vast deal of highly valuable information will appear on Household duties, and matters pertaining thereto, besides much other reading of great interest to the female sex.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

Although this paper is not designed to supersede local or general newspapers it will contain a weekly summary of all the important events which transpire, both in the old world and the new. It will be strictly neutral in politics.

THE APIARY.

To practical Apianists this paper will afford a rich and valuable supply of information on successful bee-keeping. The senior editor is the author of the American Bee Keeper's Manual; and is one of the most successful apianists in the United States. During the year 1861 plain directions will be given in the Rural American that will enable any person to make from Five to Ten Dollars per acre clear annually, and simply by the use of a common hive, which any person can make at an expense of 50 cents.

SIZE OF PAPER, &c.

The size of the Rural American is about the same as the New York Ledger, and much larger than any other Agricultural weekly now published at any price.